

# Allan Sherman, Pop Hates the Beatles

My daughter needs a new phonograph  
She wore out all the needles  
Besides, I broke the old one in half  
I hate the Beatles  
She says they have a Liverpool beat  
She says they used to play there  
Four nice kids from offa the street  
Why didn't they stay there?  
What is all the screaming about?  
Fainting and swooning  
Sounds to me like their guitars  
Could use a little tuning  
The boys are from the British Empire  
The British think they're keen  
If that is what the British desire  
God Save The Queen  
No daughter of mine can push me around  
In my house I'm the master  
But when the British come into town  
Gad, what a disaster  
Little girls in sneakers and jeans  
Destroyed the territory  
'Twas like some of the gorier scenes  
From West Side Story  
Of course my daughter had to go there  
The tickets are cheap, she hollers  
I was able to pick up a pair  
For forty-seven dollars  
When the Beatles come on the stage  
They scream and shriek and cheer them  
Now I know why they're such a rage  
It's impossible to hear them  
Ringo is the one with the drum  
The others all play with him  
It shows you what a boy can become  
Without a sense of rhythm  
There's Beatle books and T-shirts and rings  
And one thing and another  
To buy my daughter all of these things  
I had to sell her brother  
Back in 1776  
We fought the British then, folks  
Parents of America  
It's time to do it again, folks  
When they come back, here's how we'll begin  
We'll throw 'em in Boston harbor  
But please, before we toss 'em all in  
Let's take 'em to a barber